

Maps

A boy, adrift, searching
searching for his place in the world,
following maps that led to nowhere.

Then, a girl appeared.
She handed him a map and guided him,
somewhere different, somewhere warm.
Warm like sand at dusk,
softened after a day scorched by the sun.
He wasn't lost anymore.
He had a place to stay.

In that fleeting moment, they knew.
All the hard times,
the searching, the wandering,
the doubts, the sadness, the loneliness
they were maps, too.
Maps leading them to this place,
a journey they had to take together.

Piece by piece, they laid their maps on the table,
lines and paths crisscrossing like old scars.
And there, at the end of every path,
was where they stood now.

It wasn't just a place.
It was a home.
Warm, peaceful, and theirs.